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The Loss of a Wife.

In comparison with the loss of a wife, all other bereavements are trifling. The wife, she who fills so large a space in the domestic heaven; she who is busied, so unweariedly, for the precious ones around her; bitter, bitter is the tear that falls upon her cold clay! You stand beside her coffin and think of the past. It seems an amber-colored pathway, where the sun shone upon beautiful flowers, or the stars hung glittering overhead. Pain would the soul linger there. No thorns are remembered above that sweet clay, save those your hand may unwillingly have planted. Her noble, tender heart lies open to your inmost sight. You think of her now as all gentleness, all beauty, all purity. But she is dead! The dear head that laid upon your bosom rests in the still darkness, upon a pillow of clay. The hands that have administered so untiringly, are folded, white and cold, beneath the gloomy portals. The heart whose every beat measured an eternity of love, lies under your feet. The flowers she bent over with smiles, bend now above her with tears, shaking the dew from their petals, that the verdure around her may be kept green and beautiful. There is no white arm over your shoulder; no speaking face to look up into the eye of Love; no trembling lips to murmur, "O, it is so sad." There is so strange a stillness in every room! No light footstep passing around. No smile to greet you at nightfall. And the old clock ticks and strikes, and strikes and ticks—it was such music when she could hear it! Now it seems to knell only the hours through which you watched the shadows of death gathering upon her sweet face. And every day the clock repeats the old story. Many another tale it tells—of joys past, of sorrows shared, of beautiful words and deeds that are registered above. You feel! O, how often do you feel that the grave cannot keep her.

Abraham Lincoln on Gen. Hancock.

Mr. James A. McDougal, a prominent Republican of Baltimore is responsible for the statement that Abraham Lincoln said to a Baltimore delegation that he regarded Gen. Hancock as the ablest soldier in the Northern army. One of the visitors rather demurred, saying that Hancock was "rash," whereupon Lincoln replied: "Yes, so some of the older Generals have said to me, and I have said to them that I have watched Gen. Hancock's conduct very carefully, and I have found that when he goes into action he achieves his purpose and comes out with a smaller list of casualties than any of them. Bold he is, but not rash. I tell you gentlemen, that if his life and strength are spared, I believe that Gen. Hancock is destined to be one of the most distinguished men of the age. Why, when I go down in the morning to open my mail—and I rise at 4 o'clock—I do it in fear and trembling, lest I may hear that Hancock has been killed or wounded."

Forfeited Lands.

The Comptroller General has sent to the various County Auditors and Treasurers a circular, stating that "upon an inquiry made by the Auditor of Colleton County as to the construction of the Acts of Assembly 'to extend the time for the redemption of forfeited lands,' approved December 23, 1879, and February 19, 1880, being respectively Nos. 629, 207, the following endorsement was made: "The intention of the Legislature was no doubt to extend the time of redemption to 31st October. The words used in the Act raise a doubt whether the purpose was accomplished. This office is inclined to construe the Act liberally and accept the evident intention." Upon inquiry at the Comptroller General's office we ascertained that the circular was intended to relate only to those lands that were forfeited prior to February, 1880.—Columbia Register.

F. A. Sawyer.

Here is another case, that almost makes one lose faith in human nature. In 1844 there graduated from Harvard University a young man of wonderful promise. He was 22 years old and the world opened bright and promising before him. He was, I believe for a time a teacher in Harvard, and subsequently he founded a very successful school in Massachusetts. Some time afterwards he went South as principal of a State normal school. The war coming on he was driven from the State and came North. At the close of the war he went back to the Southern State as collector of internal revenue. When the State was reconstructed he was elected to the United States Senate, and served with distinction for six years. He was chairman of the committee on education and labor and a member of the appropriations and other important committees. He was a very strong and pleasing speaker, and stood very high among his colleagues. After his term expired he was appointed assistant secretary of the treasury and was at times acting secretary. It was here that he fell. He was courted and flattered and used. Wine, cards and women did their part to accomplish his fall. There were some very crooked transactions while he was in office, and some way or other the assistant secretary lost his office and landed in jail. He was speedily got out, however, but he became wretchedly poor and got to borrowing fifty cent pieces of his old friends. It was a pitiful sight to see him about, and know what he had been. Finally somebody had him appointed to a twelve hundred dollar clerkship (he wrote a beautiful hand) and it was thought that he might pick up and recover; but he didn't. He had got a passion for gambling, and whenever he could obtain a try money he sought the tiger and, of course, lost it, and soon he lost his little clerkship. I understand he now borrows a dollar or two whenever he can and goes into the lowest places and plays until it is gone. If he has no money, which is nearly always the case, he will sit where the game is going on and keep the score for the low wretches that infest the dives he visits. He once had a charming family of boys and girls, but the Lord only knows where they are now. If there is anything stranger or more revolting than this in fiction I have never come across it.—Philadelphia Times.

Shocking Murders.

Two negro men in the employ of Mr. Hugh Workman, of Laurens County, named Dorsey Greer and Prince Greer, brothers, were found in Little River near Mrs. J. B. Leonard's plantation on the edge of Laurens Co., last Saturday, by their father, who was fishing. They had been missing since Tuesday night. One had two bullet holes in the breast and back, and the other one ball in the right breast near the heart. Each one had a rock weighing about 50 lbs tied to the body. One was floating on the top of the water, and the other almost covered with sand at the bottom of the river. The verdict of the coroner's jury was that they came to their death by gunshot wounds fired by the hands of some party or parties to that jury unknown.

A young man in Dubuque, Iowa, has become partially deranged over a mustache which refuses to sprout. He was formerly happy and good tempered. He is now morose, despondent, and melancholy. One day he visited a prominent drug store and purchased all the different hair restoratives to be had. After completing the rounds he carried the bottles to his room and put them aside for future use. When he left the room his sister found over a hundred bottles in the bed tick, and all were warranted to cause hair to grow on the smoothest skin.

Take the Democrat.

The Democrats Must Harmonize.

We agree entirely with the Georgetown Times in its assertion that there is no longer any doubt as to the course the Republican party of this State intends pursuing in the approaching election. They have called a convention to meet in Columbia on the 2d of September for the purpose of nominating an entire State ticket, from the highest to the lowest offices. In other words, they have given the Democrats fair notice of their intention to enter the political arena with all of their cohorts against them this year, and of their determination to exert every effort to get the State back into the hands of the political plunderers again. This is the legacy and the Democrats will have to face it fairly and squarely. It is to be a fight between Radicalism and Democracy; a contest between barbarism and civilization. In view of such a struggle, harmony and unity must prevail in the Democratic party; otherwise, we may expect ignominious defeat to be the reward of our wrangles and dissensions. If difference exist among us, let us, as true Democrats, who have the interest of our county and State at heart, lay them aside and enter the coming campaign with a united and solid front, prepared to meet and defeat a bold and defiant enemy. We cannot afford to suffer our personal grievances to influence our action at the present time. There are considerations of higher moment before us than the accomplishment of certain aims, or the advancement of the interests of certain individuals. Let us march against the foe as one harmonious whole, and victory will sit, perched upon our banner in November.

A Collection of Patriots.

Taken individually and collectively the patriots who were invited to New York to meet the Credit Mobilier candidate for the Presidency were peculiarly adapted to the man and to the occasion. Ex-Governors, ex-Senators, ex-Secretaries, ex-Commissioners, ex-Ministers, ex-Generals, ex-Colonels, ex-clerks, and other extraordinary personages of the past, together with a few present dignitaries, made up the motley assemblage at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. Landauet Williams, Secor Robeson, Belknap, Banks, now United States marshal, and a patriot of many sides; Bullock, the notorious ex-Governor of Georgia; Conover, ex-carpet-bag Senator; Warmouth, ex-carpet-bag Governor of Louisiana; Sypher, ex-carpet-bag Congressman; Orth, the Venezuela jobber; Storrs, who defended Babcock in the Whiskey Ring trial, and now fully defends Garfield in the paying job; Filley, ex Postmaster at St. Louis, whom Schurz paraded to the bitter end; Dorsey, ex-carpet-bag Senator; Finchback, whom the Republican Senate refused to admit to a seat, afterwards voting him seventeen thousand dollars for more than three years of salary; Clerical Error Stoughton, and other distinguished personages, were conspicuous in the throng around the Credit Mobilier candidate. John Sherman, with a specially detailed force of collectors and revenue officials as his staff, gave a festive air to the occasion.—New York Sun.

We were mistaken in supposing Dr. Tanner to be an American. He is an Englishman, and unless some foot of an American shall fast forty-one days and nights, the eagle bird of this glorious Republic will not rest his talon between his legs with shame. The crowned heads of Europe have their scornful eyes upon us. Englishmen have learned to beat our rifleman and now a "bloody Briton" has more notable stomach than any Yankee or Southerner. Alas!

Many persons who take through another's character with a fine tooth comb, to discover a fault, could find one with less trouble by going over their own character with a horse-rake.

Farmer's Resolutions.

Whereas the merchants of Orangeburg or certain of them, patrons of F. W. Wagner & Co., of Charleston, S. C., have threatened the latter with discontinuance of patronage if said firm persist in selling or advancing to the farmers of this county any article, whereas, it is the indisputable right of freemen, however humble to trade in whatever mart, and with whatever parties legitimate business interests may indicate, therefore, be it resolved by the farmers of Middle Ten Township, in mass meeting assembled, First, That we enter our solemn protest against such a base and ignominious combination, feeling certain that it can only result in injury to the originators and supporters. Second, That we regard such a measure as the result of profound ignorance, backed by demagogues and extortioners, who are a disgrace to civilization. Third, We pledge ourselves to withhold our patronage from the originators and supporters of this disgraceful measure; and we call upon all farmers, and every Grange in the county to aid us in our efforts to make the perpetrators of this shameful measure feel what their policy really deserve. Fourth, That a copy of these resolutions and resolutions, be published in the county papers and the News and Courier.

An Error for Life.

Once wedded for life to an unworthy partner, an error has been made which will rob it of all sweetness, or possibility of joy. Let the young think of this, and let them walk carefully in a world of snares, and take heed to their steps lest in the most critical event of life they go fatally astray. But here we must guard against another error. Many people think they have made a mistake in marriage, when the mistake is only in their own behavior since they were married. Good husbands make good wives, and good wives make good husbands; and the scolding and in-temperate, or slatternly partner often has but himself or herself to blame for the misery that clouds the life and desolates the home. Multitudes who feel that their marriage was a mistake, and who make their existence a lifelong misery, might, by a little self-denial, and forbearance, and gentleness, and old-time courtesy, make their home brighter like the gates of Eden, and bring back again the old love that blessed the happy golden days gone by. And what sweeter mission in life than that of reclaiming the weak and sinful.

Locating the Equator.

An excellent instance of the way in which the children in the average public school learn without learning is related by Barnes Educational Monthly. A teacher in one of our public schools has been accustomed to require her pupils to say, "The equator is an imaginary line passing round the earth," etc. It never occurred to her that the boys and girls of her school had no idea what an imaginary line meant until one day a visitor asked them how wide they thought the equator was. Some thought it was 5,000 miles wide, others 2,000, and others said they could jump over it. The visitor then asked how they thought ships got over it. One pupil said he thought they got out and drew them over, and another said he had read that a canal had been dug through it. "What is the name of this canal?" "The Suez canal," was the answer. "Belle! This hole in my hair wants a little relief, it's too red." Aunt—"Well, why not put in a sprig or two of mistletoe, dear?" Belle—"Nonsense, aunt, why should have all the young men kissing me." Aunt—"Indeed, no my dear, they'd do nothing of the kind; I've tried 'em."

Tribute of Respect.

At a meeting of the Sunday School of Bethlehem M. E. Church, held on the 26th day of July 1880, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted: Whereas, it hath pleased Almighty God in the dispensation of His all-wise providence, to remove from our midst and from earthly labors, a glorious reward, above our well-beloved sister, Margaret Myers; and, whereas, sister Myers was an active and efficient worker in our Sunday School as well as a faithful and successful Christian in the midst of this world; Therefore, be it resolved, First, That while we bow with Christian submission to the decree of our Heavenly Father, who doeth all things wisely and well, we will ever cherish the memory of sister Myers, and endeavor to imitate her many virtues. Second, That we extend to the bereaved family our sincere and deepest sympathies in this their great affliction, and point them to the great Comforter whose grace will be sufficient for them. Third, That these resolutions, be published in the county papers.

Voodooism.

The three negroes arrested in Alabama for digging up dead white people and taking their bones as charms, were visited by a mob and shot to death. They gave an account of their proceedings and motives. Among other statements was that to acquire "card charm," three or more go to a grave; one kneels at the head and prays; one or more stand at the foot and curse; the balance dig down and get the bones and fill up the grave again, the praying and cursing going on all the while. Then all join in a game of cards, the grave, and all have acquired the "charm." They put the bones in a poke or string them, and wear them about the body, and as they expressed it, "We have good luck." They lick dust of human bones, and wet the tips of their fingers while they handle or play cards, and have "good luck." They rub the cards against the bones about their body for "luck." And they swallow dust for "good luck" in any undertaking.

After Marriage.

The happiest marriages are those in which a high type of friendship follows love. Friendship of a sublime sort is what love becomes after a year or so of marriage, and he who is friendly to the very depths of his soul enters into this state happily, and is ready for all the delights that follows. But a man who is capable of nothing but that fleeting affection which ever pursues a new object, and cares for no woman when she is won, hates the domestic ties and becomes detestable in consequence. It is the man who would die for his friend, and for whom his friend would die, who makes a miraculously happy wife of the woman to whom he scarcely knew how to make love when he courted her.

No Change.

It would seem that the love of the Republican party for the negro is not altogether of the earth earthy. "Sunset" Cox has interviewed a negro, who went to hell in a dream. "Was there any Democrats there?" "Yes, right smart sprinklin'." "Any Republicans?" "Hell, war full obum." "What were they doing?" "Holdin' de niggahs 'twixt dem and de fire." A yankee came running down to a pier just as a steamer was starting. The boat moved off some four or five yards and he took a jump, and coming down on the back of his head on deck, he lay stunned for two or three minutes. When he came to the boat had gone the best part of a quarter of a mile, and, raising his head, and looking to the shore the yankee said, "Great Jehosaphat, what a jump."

Tanner Eclipsed by a Woman.

Yesterday morning Miss Chattermug, a lady living in Nevada street, got excited over the account of Tanner's fall, and announced that she would refrain from talking for forty days. She began at 9 o'clock in the morning yesterday, and 10.30 her pulse was so feeble from exhaustion that the physician feared she would die at noon. At 11 her heart beat 26 a minute, and her respirations were hardly noticeable. Her friends urged her to discontinue her terrible fast, and told her some gossip about a neighbor. On hearing it she immediately rushed from the house and going across the street, met a friend and talked until 6.30 last night, and is now fully restored. Her record of nearly two hours, and a quarter of absolute silence now takes its place at the top of the list. Congratulatory letters are pouring in from all sides, and she has had several offers to take the lecture field.—Columbian Appeal.

A Strange Fact.

The thinker finds various things to speculate about while passing through life. It is singular that man, the bluest, is the only animal that requires amusement. No other animal on the face of the earth is driven to the base expedients to which man is compelled to resort for diversion. Man, the pleasure-loving biped, must needs kill time, and if the laws were to select out of the murderers those who commit crime for the sake of something to do, it would be found that a vast number of innocent victims were used as mere wax dolls or dummies, and that the actual and purposeful victim was poor old Time. Why the time of these human beings should be wasted and given into their hands merely for them to kill is a thing which the Creator thereof cannot alone explain.

The Greenville News very pertinently says: "A correspondent writing to an exchange from Anderson, deplores the lack of Democratic enthusiasm in that country. This is as it should be. Where enthusiasm is required just now is in the cotton fields. When the big bales are coming in the people can turn to, and devote themselves toiling up the majorities for Hancock and Hagood with a clear conscience. Very little artificial aid is required to bring a man to his post in this section when the time comes. We will have yelling and working enough during October to satisfy anybody. Election day is two months off yet."

Water, being by nature wasteful and ignorant of evil, is the predestined prey of the peddler. When he assures them that he is offering them an opportunity to buy valuable articles at a ridiculously low rate, they hasten to buy. What is really inexplicable is the fact that, though a woman may be cheated by six successive peddlers, she never permits her experience to lead her to distrust the seventh. This faith in peddlers, rising triumphant over every other obstacle, is a sublime as well as touching, and is a distinctive trait of all good women.

When the rebels sought to break up the Union, the Republican party rallied as a man to the flag," said John Sherman, at Washington. Did Editor Clapp, that man of blood of the Republican, who ran the meeting, rally? How much did Jim Blaine of Maine rally? Who saw Roscoe Conkling hurry to the front with or without a shot gun? Where was it that the great John Sherman rallied and how far? What flag and where did the gory Arthur wrap himself around?—Greenville News.

"I have ever used my unkind words, Hannah," said Mr. Smiley, reflectively. "I will take them all back." "Yes, I suppose you want to use them over again," was the not very soothing reply.